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I.—THREE “LAPLAND SONGS.”

The second antistrophe of *The Progress of Poesy* opens, it will be recalled, with a rather striking allusion to the beneficent visitations of the Muse in the far North :

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.

In the second edition of the poem (1768), this tolerably lucid passage was somewhat obscured for future generations by one of those notes in which Gray compromised his “respect for the understanding of his readers” :

Extensive influence of poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. (See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments, the Lapland and American songs.)¹

The “Erse, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments” are of

¹ Phelps, *Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Thomas Gray*, Boston, 1894, p. 29.

course the publications of Macpherson, Evans, and Percy, together with certain experiments by Gray himself. By "American Songs" Gray meant various productions, current in his day and later, in which the American Indian was represented as giving lyrical expression to amorous desire, scorn, or spiritual aspiration.¹

The present paper endeavors to trace the history of three once famous lyrical compositions of the type known to Gray and his contemporaries as "Lapland songs."

To Johan Scheffer, for many years Professor of Law and Rhetoric in the University at Upsala, undoubtedly belongs the credit of having reproduced the first specimens of Lappish poetry ever printed. The volume in which they appeared, Scheffer's *Lapponia*, is an extraordinarily entertaining account of an expedition into Lapland undertaken by the author at the instance of the Swedish government, published originally in Latin at Frankfurt in 1673, and before the expiration of a decade successively translated into English (Oxford, 1674),² German (Frankfurt and Leipzig,

¹ See *Scandinavian Influences in the English Romantic Movement*, by F. E. Farley (*Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature*, vol. ix, Boston, 1903, pp. 66 f., n. 2).

² A copy of this edition is owned by the Boston Public Library. The title page reads: *The History of Lapland wherein are shewed the Original, Manners, Habits, Marriages, Conjurations, &c., of that People. Written by John Scheffer, Professor of Law and Rhetoric at Upsal in Sweden. At the Theatre in Oxford, MDCLXXIV.* The preface explains that this version is abridged from the Latin.

Another English version, a copy of which is owned by the Harvard College Library, was published in London in 1704. It purports to be "done from the last Edition in the original Latin, and collated with a French translation Printed at Paris, which contains several *Addenda* that the Translator had from the Author, all which are here taken in." To the Translation of *Lapponia* are added in this edition, "The Travels of the King of Sweden's Mathematicians into Lapland: The History of Livonia, and the Wars there: Also a Journey into Lapland, Finland, &c. Written by Dr. Olof Rudbeck in the Year 1701."

1675), French (Paris, 1678), and Dutch (Amsterdam, 1682). The two lyrics in question are found in a chapter "Of their Contracts and Marriages." I quote from the English version of 1674;¹ the author is describing the conduct of the Lapland lover during the period of courtship :

In this interval he ever and anon makes a visit to his Mistress, to whom while he is travelling he solaces himself with a Love Song, and diverts the wearisomeness of his journy. And 'tis their common custom, to use such kind of Songs, not with any set tune, but such as every one thinks best himself, nor in the same manner, but sometimes one way, sometimes another, as goes best to every man, when he is in the mode of singing. An ensampel of one they use in the Winter season, communicated to me by *Olaus Matthias, a Laplander*, I here annex :

*Kulnasatz niraosam æugaos joao audas jordee skaode
 Nurte waota waolges skaode
 Abeide kockit laid i ede
 Fauruogaoidhe sadiede
 Ællao momiaiat kuekan kaigewarri.*
 [There are eleven lines more.]

The meaning of this song is this,

Kulnasatz my Rain-deer
 We have a long journy to go ;
 The Moor's are vast,
 And we must hast,
 Our strength I fear
 Will fail if we are slow,
 And so
 Our Songs will do.

Kaigæ the watery Moor
 Is pleasant unto me,
 Though long it be ;
 Since it doth to my Mistress lead,

The Catalogue of Printed Books in the British Museum records a third translation into English, abridged, published in London, 1751. Throughout the eighteenth century, allusions to Scheffer are very common in the works of English writers on Scandinavian subjects.

¹ Pp. 111 ff.

Whom I adore ;
The *Kilwa* Moor,
I nere again will tread.

Thoughts fill'd my mind
Whilst I thro *Kaigë* past.
Swift as the wind,
And my desire,
Winged with impatient fire,
My Rain-deer let us hast.
So shall we quickly end our pleasing pain :
Behold my Mistresse there,
With decent motion walking ore the Plain.

Kulnasatz my Rain-deer,
Look yonder, where
She washes in the Lake.
See while she swims
The waters from her purer limbs
New cleerness take.¹

This is a love Song of the *Laplanders*, wherewith they encourage their Rain-deers to travell nimbly along. For all delay, tho in it self short, is tedious to lovers. They use too at other times to entertain themselves with such Sonnets, when at some distance from their Mistresses, and therein to make mention of them, and extoll their beauty. One of this kind I received of the said *Olaus*, and seeing we have lit upon this subject, I here set it down :

Pastos paiva Kiufwresist jawra Orre Iaura
Ios kaosa kirrakeid korngatzim
Ia tiedadzim man oincemam jaufre Orre Jawra
Ma tangast lomest lie sun lie

[and so on for twenty-six lines farther].

The sense of this Song is thus,

¹ Scheffer's Latin version of this song (*Lapponia*, ed. 1673, p. 283) is as follows : Kulnasatz, rangifer meus parvus properandum nobis iterque porro faciendum, loca uliginosa vasta sunt, & cantiones nos deficiunt. Nec tamen tedium mihi palus kaige es, tibi palus kailvva dico vale. Multæ cogitationes animum meum subeunt, dum per paludem kaige vehor. Rangifer meus simus agiles levesque, sic citius absolvemus laborem, eoque veniemus, quo destinamus, ubi videbo amicam meam ambulantem. Kulnasatz rangifer meus prospice ac vide, utru non cernas eam se lavantem.

With brightest beams let the Sun shine
 On *Orra Moor*,
 Could I be sure,
 That from the top o'th lofty Pine,
 I *Orra Moor* might see,
 I to his highest bow would climb,
 And with industrious labor try,
 Thence to descry
 My Mistress, if that there she be.

Could I but know amidst what Flowers,
 Or in what shade she staies,
 The gaudy Bowers
 With all their verdant pride,
 Their blossomes and their spraiess,
 Which make my Mistress disappear ;
 And her in Envious darkness hide,
 I from the roots and bed of Earth would tear.

Upon the raft of clouds I'de ride
 Which unto *Orra* fly,
 O'th Ravens I would borrow wings,
 And all the feathered In-mates of the sky :
 But wings alas are me denied,
 The Stork and Swan their pinions will not lend,
 There's none who unto *Orra* brings,
 Or will by that kind conduct me befriend.

Enough enough thou hast delaied
 So many Summers daies,
 The best of daies that crown the year,
 Which light upon the eielids dart,
 And melting joy upon the heart :
 But since that thou so long hast staied,
 They in unwelcome darkness disappear,
 Yet vainly dost thou me forsake,
 I will pursue and overtake.

What stronger is then bolts of steel ?
 What can more surely bind ?
 Love is stronger far then it ;
 Upon the Head in triumph she doth sit :
 Fetters the mind,
 And doth controul,
 The thought and soul.

A youths desire is the desire of wind,
 All his Essaies
 Are long delaies,
 No issue can they find.
 Away fond Counsellors, away,
 No more advice obtrude :
 I'le rather prove,
 The guidance of blind Love ;
 To follow you is certainly to stray :
 One single Counsel tho unwise is good.¹

No attempt seems to have been made to give these songs a better English rendering until 1712. The issue of *The Spectator* for April 30 of that year (No. 366) contained a communication beginning :

The following verses are a translation of a Lapland love-song, which I met with in Scheffer's history of that country. . . . The numbers in the

¹ Scheffer's Latin runs as follows : "Sol, clarissimum emitte lumen in paludem Orra. Si enisus in summa picearum cacumina, scirem me visurum Orra paludem, in ea eniterer, ut viderem, inter quos amica mea esset flores, omnes suescinderem frutices recens ibi enatos, omnes ramos præsecarem, hos virentes ramos. Cursum nubium essem secutus, quæ iter suum instituunt versus paludem Orra, si ad te volare possem alis, cornicum alis. Sed mihi desunt alæ, alæ querquedulæ, pedesque, anserum pedes plan[ta]ve bonaæ, quæ deferre me valeant ad te. Satis expectasti diu, per tot dies, tot dies tuos optimos, oculis tuis jucundissimis, corde tuo amicissimo. Quod si longissime velles effugere, cito tamen te conquerer. Quid firmius validiusve esse potest, quam contorti nervi catenæve ferreæ, quæ durissime ligant? Sic amor contorquet caput nostrum, mutat cogitationes & sententias. Puerorum voluntas, voluntas venti, juvenum cogitationes, longæ cogitationes. Quos si audirem omnes, omnes, à via, à via justa declinarem. Vnum est consilium, quod capiam, ita scio viam rectiorem me reperturum."

Rewards of the Lappish text which seem to establish the authenticity of Scheffer's two songs, are printed in Otto Donner's *Lieder der Lappen*, Helsingfors, 1876, and in Richard Bergström's monograph, *Spring, min Snälla ren!* (Nyare Bidrag till kannedom om de Svenska Landsmålen och svenska Folklif, v, 4 [Stockholm, 1885]). Of Scheffer's Lappish version of the Orra Moor song Donner writes (p. 115) : "Die ortografie ist sehr inkorrekt, wodurch einige wörter gar nicht zur ermitteln sind, besonders da bei dem mündlichen vortrage gewisse silben, wie es scheint, wiederholt wurden." Scheffer's Latin version, he adds, though "überhaupt treue . . . leidet doch an einigen fehlern." See below, p. 9, n. 2.

original are as loose and unequal, as those in which the British ladies sport their Pindarics ; and perhaps the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable present from a lover : but I have ventured to bind it in stricter measures, as being more proper for our tongue, though perhaps wilder graces may better suit the genius of the Lapponian language. . . . [Then follows this new version of the Orra Moor song. It will be observed that the name "Orra Moor," properly, of course, the designation of a locality, here, and in some later versions of the song, answers for the name of the Lappish damsel :]

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh ! were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough
 Aloft in air that quivering plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid ?
 Fast by the roots enraged I'll tear
 The trees that hide my promised fair.

Oh ! I could ride the clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise :
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
 And waft a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
 Apace the wasting summer flies :
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
 Not storms or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare ?
 Oh ! love has fetters stronger far :
 By bolts of steel are limbs confined,
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
 When thoughts torment the first are best ;
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
 Away to Orra, haste away.¹

¹ I quote from Aitken's edition, London, 1898, v, 249 ff. In Aitken's *Life of Richard Steele*, London, 1889, II, 385 f., may be found a musical

This experiment aroused emulation; in No. 406 of *The Spectator* (printed June 16, 1712) appeared a paraphrase of the other Scheffer song :

The town being so well pleased with the fine picture of artless love which nature inspired the Laplander to paint in the ode you lately printed [writes the author], we were in hopes that the ingenious translator would have obliged it with the other also which Scheffer has given us; but since he has not, a much inferior hand has ventured to send you this . . . [and a new version of the reindeer song follows:]

Haste, my reindeer, and let us nimbly go
 Our amorous journey through this dreary waste :
 Haste, my reindeer, still, still thou art too slow,
 Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread :
 Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray ;
 Darkling and tired we shall the marshes tread,
 No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The watery length of these unjoyous moors
 Does all the flowery meadows' pride excel ;
 Through these I fly to her my soul adores ;
 Ye flowery meadows, empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confined,
 My breast is tortured with impatient fires ;
 Fly, my reindeer, fly swifter than the wind,
 Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

rendering of this song "set for the German Flute" by C. Smith, Jr.,
 cir. 1750.

A note in modern editions of *The Spectator*, which may be traced back at least as far as the edition of 1797 (v, 281), ascribes this paraphrase to Ambrose Philips, though I cannot find that Philips ever acknowledged it. Philips contributed to No. 12 of *The Tatler* (May 7, 1709) the well known lines written from Copenhagen, beginning :—

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
 From streams that northern winds forbid to flow ;
 What present shall the muse to Dorset bring ;
 Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing ?

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
 And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
 Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
 Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

But lo ! with graceful motion there she swims,
 Gently removing each ambitious wave ;
 The crowding waves transported clasp her limbs :
 When, when, oh when, shall I such freedoms have !

In vain, you envious streams, so fast you flow,
 To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze :
 From every touch you more transparent grow,
 And all revealed the beauteous wanton plays.¹

The *Spectator* version of the reindeer song was printed, without acknowledgment, in *The Hive, a Collection of the Most Celebrated Songs* (4th ed., London, 1732, I, 13).

Among the *Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe*, London, 1739, appeared a third English rendering of the Orra Moor song which seems to have been received with more enthusiasm in Germany than at home.² Mrs. Rowe's stanzas run as follows :

¹ Quoted from Aitken's edition, vi, 52 f. This version, signed "T," is usually attributed to Steele.

² I, 92 f. Theodor Vetter, author of a eulogistic biography of Mrs. Rowe entitled *Die Göttliche Rowe*, Zürich, 1894, makes special mention (pp. 13 f.) of this translation and calls attention to the other versions in the Oxford edition of Scheffer and in *The Spectator*. Vetter adds, "Das kleine Liedchen hat übrigens in der deutschen Literatur seine Geschichte" and goes on to cite the very free paraphrase of Mrs. Rowe's version made by Kleist in 1757 (cf. Kleist's *Werke*, ed. Sauer, Berlin, 1880-81, I, 107 f.), upon which Lessing commented in *Briefe, die neueste Litteratur betreffend* (No. 33—cf. Lessing's *Sämliche Schriften*, ed. Lachmann-Muncker, VIII, 75, Stuttgart, 1892), together with Herder's more literal rendering (1771). Herder also translated the reindeer song (cf. Herder's *Volkslieder*, Leipzig, 1778-79, I, 264; II, 106). Herder's translations are printed in Donner's *Lieder der Lappen*, Helsingfors, 1876, together with another German version of the Orra Moor song. Donner also mentions the Finnish poet Franzén's Swedish version of the reindeer song, "Spring, min snälla ren," which Richard Bergström has made the subject of a monograph

A LAPLANDER'S SONG TO HIS MISTRESS.

Shine out, resplendent God of day,
 On my fair *Orramoor* ;
 Her charms thy most propitious ray,
 And kindest looks allure.

In mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,
 I'd climb the tallest tree,
 Could I from thence my absent love,
 My charming rover see.

I'd venture on a rising cloud,
 Aloft in yielding air,
 From that exalted station proud,
 To view the smiling fair.

Should she in some sequester'd bow'r,
 Among the branches hide,
 I'd tear off ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
 Till she was there descriy'd.

From ev'ry bird I'd steal a wing
 To *Orramoor* to fly ;
 And urg'd by love, would swiftly spring
 Along the lightsome sky.

Return, and bless me with thy charms,
 While yet the sun displays
 His fairest beams, and kindly warms
 Us with his vital rays.

Return before that light be gone,
 In which thou shouldst appear ;
 Unwelcome night is hast'ning on
 To darken half the year.

In vain, relentless maid, in vain
 Thou dost a youth forsake,
 Whose love shall quickly o'er the plain,
 Thy savage flight o'ertake.

(*Spring, min snälla ren!* [Stockholm, 1885]). Bergström prints the English versions published in the Oxford edition of 1674 and in *The Spectator*, together with Franzén's Swedish and Kleist's German versions. See above, p. 6, n.

Should bars of steel my passage stay,
They could not thee secure :
I'd thro' enchantments find a way
To seize my *Orramoor*.

Of course nothing printed in *The Spectator* could altogether escape the attention of any generation of English readers, but the Lapland songs seem not to have aroused any very general interest until the changing literary fashions of half a century all at once gave them an unexpected significance. The publication of Macpherson's Ossianic fragments (1760), Percy's *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry* (1761), Evans's *Specimens of the Antient Welsh Bards* (1764) and Percy's *Reliques* (1765) marked the beginning, as everybody knows, of a new attitude toward the literature of half-civilized races. These attempts to popularize the folk poetry of Great Britain and Scandinavia led to a widespread curiosity in England with regard to the habits of our northern ancestors, and to countless experiments in "runic" and "Welsh" songs, pseudo-archaic "ballads" and Ossianic prose.¹ "Odin," "Thor," and "Taliessin" became names to conjure with, and the fastnesses of Wales, the highlands of Scotland, and the "frozen North" were imbued with a romantic significance unfelt in any previous age.

Lapland had long been the subject of vague and sporadic allusions in the polite literature of England, from which we may gather that Englishmen, in common with most other Europeans, looked upon it merely as an uncanny tract whose barbarous inhabitants, like the followers of Odin, were

¹ See *Scandinavian Influences in the English Romantic Movement*; also Schnabel's *Ossian in der schönen litteratur England's bis 1832* (*Englische Studien*, xxiii, 31 ff., 366 ff.). I do not know that any special study has been made of English imitations of "Welsh" poetry, but one has only to turn over the leaves of any considerable number of eighteenth century magazines and collections of fugitive verse to realize that here lies a fruitful field for investigation.

reputed skillful in the practice of the black art. Hence Shakspere's "Lapland sorcerers,"¹ Marlowe's "Lapland giants"² and Milton's "Lapland witches."³

¹ *Comedy of Errors*, IV, 3, 11.

² *Faustus*, sc. i, l. 127, ed. Gollancz.

³ *Paradise Lost*, ii, 665.

Scheffer has a chapter on the magic arts practiced by the Laplanders which begins, "There is scarce a Country under the Sun, whither the Name of *Lapland* has reach'd by Fame or otherwise, which does not always look upon this Nation as greatly addicted to Magick" (*Lapponia*, translation of 1704, p. 119). The authorities cited by Scheffer in this particular, run back well toward the beginning of the sixteenth century; among them are Olaus Magnus, whose *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus* appeared at Rome in 1555 (see Lib. iii, Cap. 16), his friend the Portuguese historian Damiano de Goes, and Jacob Ziegler, a German mathematician and theologian who died in 1549. An English translation of a tract by Ziegler with the picturesque title "Of the Northeast frostie sea" is included in Eden and Willes' *The History of Trauayle in the West and East Indies*, London, 1577: I quote from fol. 280 (*recto*) where Ziegler writes of "Gronelande"; the inhabitants of this country, he says, are "geuen to magicall artes. For it is sayd that they (as also the people of *Laponia*) do rayse tempestes on the sea with magicall inchauntmentes, and bryng such shyps into daunger as they entend to spoyle." Ziegler touches here upon a specific branch of magic in which about all the northern races were held to be more or less proficient,—the power to control winds and bad weather. Saxo Grammaticus, whose *Historia Danica* was finished very early in the thirteenth century, attributes this power to Danes, Norwegians and Permlanders (cf. ed. Holder, pp. 32, 128; Elton and Powell, pp. 39, 156). Trevisa's translation of Bartholomew's *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, made in 1397, charges the inhabitants of "Wynlandia" with selling winds to mariners. "Wynlandia," he explains, "is a countree besydes ye mountayns of Norwey towarde the eest. and stretchyth yppon the clyf of Occean . . . The men of that countree ben straige and somewhat wylde and fyers. And occupyen themselfe wyth wytchecrafte. And so to men that sayle by theyr costes: and also to men that abyde wyth theym for defawte of wynde they proffre wynde to sayllynge. and so sell wynde. And thei vse to make a clewe of threde and make dyuers knottes to be Joyned therin. And holdeth to drawe ont [sic] of the clewe thre knottes other moo: other lesse as he woll haue ye wynde more soft or strange. And for theyr mysbyleue fendes moue the ayre and areyse stronge tempeste other softe as he draweth of ye clewe more or lesse knottes. And somtyme they meue the wynde soo strongly: that wretches that byleue in suche doyng

It is probable that no specimens of Lappish literature, with the exception of Scheffer's songs, were in existence. These songs, however, were so accessible in the *Spectator* version, that they were inevitably called to mind by the "northern" pieces which were repeatedly appearing in English literary periodicals and miscellanies during the last third of the eighteenth century. Presently "Lapland songs" shared the popularity of "runic odes," and Scheffer's lyrics acquired a vogue they had never before known. The following citations—which might, no doubt, be considerably extended by further search—will give some idea of the extent to which Scheffer's songs were reprinted and paraphrased.

In 1763 Hugh Blair mentioned the *Spectator* songs and printed Scheffer's Latin version of the Orra Moor song in his *Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*.¹

are drowned by ryghtfull dome of god" (Wynkyn De Worde's ed., Westminster, cir. 1495, Lib. xv, Cap. clxxi). This information is repeated in *Batman vpon Bartholome*, London, 1582 (fol. 248, *recto*). See also Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), ed. Shilleto, 1, 161, 218, and Scheffer, ed. 1673, pp. 144 ff. Pierre Martin de la Martinière, author of a very popular volume called *Voyage des Pais Septentrionaux* which appeared first at Paris in 1671 and was later reprinted and translated into English, relates that the captain of the vessel in which he was sailing actually purchased three winds in a Lapland port at which they touched. The price paid was the equivalent of twenty French livres in money, with the addition of a pound of tobacco. The winds were confined in three knots tied into a woolen rag which was nailed to the masthead. De la Martinière disclaims belief in magic, but the experiment, he says, proved only too successful; for when the third knot was loosed, such a terrible tempest arose that the vessel nearly foundered, and the superstitious crew, who looked upon the storm as a judgment from Heaven, were beside themselves with fear. See the first edition, Paris, 1671, pp. 28 ff., and the English translation, *A New Voyage to the North*, London, 1706, pp. 22 ff. This business of selling winds came after a while to be regarded as rather a specialty of the Laplanders.

I am indebted to Dr. Alfred Cope Garrett for a part of the above information.

¹ P. 13, n.

Samuel Bishop's *Ferice Poetica: sive Carmina Anglicana Elegiaci Plerumque Argumenti Latine Reddita . . .* London, 1766, contains¹ both songs, properly credited, together with an original Latin translation of each, arranged in stanzas. Bishop's version of the Orra Moor song begins :

Tu, sol, lœtifico qui lumina spargis ab ortu,
Pulchellamque meam ad ludicra pensa vocas,
Pelle, precor, tenebras, et nubila discute coelo,
Stetque oculis præsens ORRA videnda meis.

The opening stanza of the reindeer song is as follows :

I, cerve, I, propera ; rapiamur præpete cursu
Quâ deserta adeo per loca dicit iter :
I, cerve, I, propera ; quin jam, jam, tarde, moraris ;
Vincere præcipitans fulgura debet amor.

In his *Sketches of Man*, London, 1774, Henry Home, who refers several times to Scheffer, quotes, as an instance of the "mutual esteem and affection" which "naturally take place . . . in every country where the women equal the men," the English version of the two songs which appeared in the Oxford translation of *Lapponia*, 1674.² The reindeer song

¹ Pp. 1 ff.

² Second ed., Edinburgh, 1778, I, 487 ff. Anna Seward wrote to Court Dewes, March 9, 1788 (*Letters of Anna Seward*, Edinburgh, 1811, II, 65 ff.): "You remember the beautiful translation in the Spectator of the Lapland odes! I was once shewn a close translation of them, and copied it. There was much richer matter to work upon in the Lapland poems; yet the author of the Spectator-paraphrases found it advantageous, if not necessary, to strengthen into visibility those ideas which, in a version nearly literal, are seen but as through a glass darkly; and also to add some thoughts and images, of which no trace can be found in the originals, however exquisitely in keeping with the Lapland character, soil, and climate, as they appear to us in the ruder and faithful translations, which you will find enclosed." The editor of Miss Seward's correspondence explains that "The translations here mentioned are printed in Lord Kames's [Henry Home's] *Sketches on Man*."

as Home prints it was reprinted without acknowledgment in the *London Magazine* for August, 1774.¹

Charles Theodore Middleton observes in his *New and Complete System of Geography*, London [1778] :

When a [Lapland] lover goes to pay a visit to his mistress, during his journey through the fenny moors, he usually diverts himself with a song, which he addresses to his rein-deer. [Then follows, properly credited, "professor Scheffer's *Laplander's Song to his Rein deer.*"] This translation, the editor informs us,] is taken from the *Spectator*; to which we shall subjoin a Laplander's love-song, the original having been procured by professor Scheffer, from the same Olaus Matthias, a native of Lapland. The translation, however, has never before appeared in print, and is the performance of a nobleman lately deceased, whose genius, politeness, and literary accomplishments, were the admiration of all the courts in Europe. His heir having obliged the authors of this work with a copy of this elegant poem, they thought it their duty to lay it before the public, both for the entertainment of their readers, and to honour so distinguished a character, who very recently adorned the British court.²

This unnamed nobleman³ paraphrases the *Orra Moor* song in thirteen fervid stanzas which constitute probably a unique contribution to geographical lore :

A Laplander's Love Song.

Source of my daily thoughts, and nightly dreams
 Whose captivating beauties I adore,
 O may the radiant sun's resplendent beams,
 Shine on the charms of lovely Orra Moor.

I'd climb the summit of the lofty pine,
 Could I my *Orra Moor* at distance view;
 No labour, danger, care, would I decline,
 To see my charmer, and to find her true.

Could she be wafted to terrestrial bow'rs,
 And there in pleasant shades induc'd to stay;
 Or range enamell'd fields of sweetest flow'rs,
 Charm'd by the birds that warbled on each spray.

¹ P. 402.

² II, 31.

³ Chesterfield?

Enrag'd, those pretty birds I would destroy,
 Pluck up the flowers that beauty¹ the fields,
 Cut down the bow'rs that rob me of my joy,
 And from my view my *Orra*'s beauties shields.

O that I could but soar into the sky,
 And wing my passage thro' the ambient air,
 Swift as the feather'd race could I but fly,
 I'd soon be with my captivating fair.

But vain, alas ! my wishes are in vain,
 No stork, nor raven will a pinion lend ;
 Fated to feel unmitigated pain,
 With scarce a hope my passion to befriend.

So long my bliss can *Orra Moor* delay ?
 Reflect, the summer's sun now brightly gleams ;
 Short are our summers—haste, then haste away,
 And, with thy love, enjoy his glad'ning beams.

Alas ! unkindly you delay the time ;
 Our short-lived summer wears away apace :
 You've tortur'd me, and dally'd with your prime,
 'Till frowning winter shews his rugged face.

Still, still my lovely charmer I'll pursue,
 And scorn all danger to reveal my pains ;
 For what can love, all-pow'rful love subdue ;
 He laughs at tempests, and despises chains.

Love ! mighty victor, triumphs o'er mankind,
 Brings ev'ry thought beneath his own controul,
 Enslaves the heart, puts fetters on the mind,
 And captivates the haughty human soul.

But, hark ! stern reason whispers in my ear,
 Friend, you are wrong, thus to pour oil on fire,
 Rashly to follow what you ought to fear,
 And rush into a whirlwind of desire.

A thousand things advise you to desist,
 A thousand dread examples bid you view
 The fate of those whom love's delusive mist
 Hath slyly blinded, sadly to undo.

¹ *Sic.*

Reason, avaunt! to passion I submit,
 And will not hear thy disimpassion'd tone;
 Others, thy thousand counsellors may fit,
 But I'll attend the voice of love alone.

J. W. Holder includes the *Spectator* version of the Orra Moor song, properly credited and set to music, in his *Favorite Collection of Songs*, London, 1778.¹

Both songs appeared in the *Spectator* version, but without acknowledgment, in *The Charmer, a Collection of Songs*, Edinburgh, 1782,² and in the *Vocal Library*, London, n. d.³ Ritson printed them in the *Historical Essay on National Song* prefixed to his *Select Collection of English Songs*, London, 1783,⁴ and attributed them, with a query, to Steele. He commends the "remarkable elegance" of one of them, presumably the Orra Moor song. Vicesimus Knox includes both songs in his *Elegant Extracts of Useful and Entertaining Passages in Poetry*, London, 1809,⁵ and ascribes them, without query, to Steele.

The Orra Moor song, which proved, deservedly, the more popular of the two, appeared in the *Spectator* version, but without credit, in *The Charms of Melody*, Dublin [cir. 1800],⁶ and again in a song-book called *The Syren*, Wilmington, Delaware, n. d.⁷

Familiar, however, as Scheffer's songs became in England, they had to compete for popularity, before the end of the eighteenth century, with a third famous "Lapland song" which possesses a curious history. In May, 1786, a party

¹ I am indebted to Lewis Edwards Gates, Esq., for this information.

² I, 11 f., 302.

³ Pp. 24, 134. This collection of songs seems to have been compiled early in the nineteenth century.

⁴ I, 216, 223. Cf. xxxix, n.

⁵ II, 919.

⁶ P. 94.

⁷ Pt. 2, p. 5. The book appears to have been printed early in the last century. See, further, below, p. 21.

of Englishmen under the leadership of Sir Henry George Liddell, Bart., of Ravensworth, in Durham, made an expedition to certain northern countries, from which they returned in the following August, bringing with them two Lapland women. The women were exhibited for some months in various parts of England, where they attracted considerable attention, and were finally sent back home with a little money and numerous presents.

Very soon after their arrival in England, these women were entertained at a certain tavern in Newcastle, where they were induced to sing some of their native songs. On the 2d of September the following anonymous letter appeared in the *Newcastle Courant*:

To the Printer of the Courant, Sir,—

The public curiosity having been excited by the appearance of the musical Lapland females in this country, a specimen of Scandinavian poetry may, probably, afford some little amusement to the many. In my youth, a propensity to travel led me through many a rude, uncivilized region; and in August of 1761, I sat me down in Lapland at a place called Trorian, about 150 miles to the north-west of Torne: there I lived through the winter. I was kindly treated by the hospitable owner of the cottage, and however inclined the polished natives of Europe may be to treat the inhabitants of the arctick region with derision, let it be remembered that happiness is to be found on the cliffs of Torne, and that hospitality spreads its unadorned table to the wanderers on the cold shores of Lulhea. I have joined in the song, and capered in the dance, and oft, when the storm pattered loudly without, the face of cheerfulness and content was to be seen round the fire in the hut of the Laplander.

Curiosity led me to see the Lapland wanderers, at present in this country, and, to my great satisfaction, they sang me a song, to which I had often listened, with pleasure, at Trouan, and which I now offer to you, in an English dress, confident that it will afford some amusement to the readers of your excellent paper.

I am,

SIR,

Your very obedient servant,

T. S.

Newcastle, August 28th, 1786.

LAPLAND SONG.

Ouk fruezen tharanno el Torne van zien ;
 Zo fruezen Lulhea thwe zarro a rien :
 Thwe zarro a rien pa Lulhea teway,
 Zo fleuris erzacken par ette octa.

[There are three more stanzas, after which follows this English version :]

The snows are dissolving on TORNE'S rude side,
 And the ice of LULHEA flows down the dark tide !
 Thy dark streams, O LULHEA ! flow freely away,
 And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to day.

Remote, the keen terrors of Winter retire,
 Where the North's dancing streamers relinquish their fire ;
 Where the Sun's genial beams swell the bud on the tree,
 And ENNA chaunts forth her wild warblings with glee.

The rein-deer, unharness'd, in freedom shall play,
 And safely o'er ODON's steep precipice stray :
 The wolfe to the forest's recesses shall fly,
 And howl to the moon as she glides thro' the sky.

Then haste my fair LHEA ; ah ! hast to the grove ;
 And pass the sweet season in rapture and love :
 In youth let our bosoms with extacy glow,
 For the winter of life ne'er a transport can know.¹

The issue of the *Courant* for October 21 of the same year (1786) contained another communication, signed "U. V." from a correspondent who alleges an acquaintance with the Lappish tongue, and who criticizes in detail the translation of the Lapland song which has just been quoted. The translator, he avers, has quite mistaken the meaning of the original, and by way of correction he offers the following version from his own pen :

¹ Lewis Edwards Gates, Esq., had the kindness to transcribe this letter and the accompanying verses for me from the British Museum copy of *Poetry Fugitive and Original by the late Thomas Bedingfeld, Esq. and Mr. George Pickering*, Newcastle, 1815. I also owe to Mr. Gates several other items of information with regard to this song.

O Torno ! the snows on thy summit we see,
Shall dissolve ; and the stream that sleeps frozen below
Again from its fetters of ice shall be free ;
And the snow-drop, now wither'd, with beauty shall glow.

The terrors of winter shall fly far away,
And the sun o'er the north shed his influence again,
And warm into bloom the sweet blossom of May,
And wake, through fair Enna, the wild warbling strain !

The rein-deer, now harness'd, shall quit with delight
His car, and o'er Odon in freedom shall fly ;
And the mist that now veils the pale ruler of night,
Shall pass, while unclouded she glides through the sky.

But for me ! wretched me ! since my Luah's no more,
Thro' my season of sorrow no changes can roll ;
My summer of joys and of rapture is o'er,
And winter for ever must chill my sad soul.

The second of these versions—that signed “U. V.”—seems, for all its author's assumption, to have fallen straight-way into oblivion ; but the first—by “T. S.”—became extraordinarily popular. For some inexplicable reason this poem was almost immediately attributed to Sir Matthew White Ridley, the second baronet of the name, at that time member of Parliament for Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Among a collection of miscellaneous tracts bound together in a single volume owned by the British Museum, and all, according to a ms. note on the fly-leaf, from the press of Fowler, of Salisbury, is one consisting of a single sheet, octavo, upon which is printed the “T. S.” version under the title *Lapland Song by Sir M. W. Ridley*. The sheet bears no imprint, but the British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books supplies a conjectural date, “[Salisbury, 1785?]”. I do not know the authority for this date but it is certainly at least one year too early.

In the July number of the *European Magazine* for 1787

this song was printed,¹ credited to "Sir W. M. Ridley," and strangely enough dated "Newcastle, June 9, 1787." In October, 1789, it was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*² and the name of the author was given as "Sir Matthew White Ridley." The same year, 1789, the piece appeared in the third volume of the London *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*³ credited again to Ridley. The next year it was set to music and published as *The Laplander's Song. The words written by Sir Matthew White Ridley. Set to Music, with Accompaniments By J. Relfe.* London, [1790].⁴

In 1789 an account of Liddell's northern expedition was prepared by one of the party and published in book form with the title, *A Tour through Sweden, Swedish-Lapland, Finland and Denmark. In a series of letters illustrated with engravings.* By Matthew Consett, Esq. London, 1789. In the course of his dissertation Consett observes:⁵

The language of the Laplanders is a harsh and unintelligible Jargon derived from their neighbors the ancient Inhabitants of Finland. Their voices however are musical and they never require much entreaty to oblige. The few specimens which we possess of Lapland Poetry, give you a favorable impression of their *taste*, and taste most certainly it is, uncorrupted by foreign Ideas, and entirely the production of nature. In the *Spectator* you have two elegant Odes translated from the language of Lapland. . . . I shall make no apology for adding a third.

Then, under the title *A Lapland Song*, follows the Ridley poem without a word, however, to indicate that it is not Consett's own composition. In fact it was later attributed, naturally enough, to Consett by William Lisle Bowles.⁶

¹ P. 58.

² P. 939.

³ P. 92.

⁴ The date is supplied in the British Museum Catalogue.

⁵ Pp. 63 f.

⁶ See below, p. 29. Facing p. 148 Consett has a picture of "Sighre and Aniea," the two Lapland women brought to England by Liddell; the Appendix to the book describes them at length. Arthur de Capell Brooke, author of *A Winter in Lapland and Sweden*, London, 1826, declared that these women were not Lapps, but Finns. The Scheffer songs "which have

The next allusion I find to this song was occasioned indirectly by the publication, in Dr. Currie's edition of Burns's *Works*, Edinburgh and London, 1800,¹ of a letter written by Robert Burns to George Thomson, the musical composer. It seems that Thomson, who was then compiling his collection of Scottish airs with the assistance of Burns, had come upon an anonymous song in Johnson's *Musical Museum*² which so struck his fancy that he asked if Burns were not the author. Burns replied, in a letter dated October 19, 1794, "Donocht head is not mine: I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald; and came to the Editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it." Currie prints the poem in a foot-note, and adds, "The author need not be ashamed to own himself." Shortly after the publication of Currie's work the following communication, dated August 10, 1800, appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*:³

been admired, and not without reason, in the shape in which they have appeared in the *Spectator*," he thinks "cannot be mistaken for anything but the production of a Finlander," and the song printed by Consett he would "here give if my limits allowed me to present any specimens of Finland poetry." But he concludes, rather shrewdly, "It signifies indeed little if the words be but pretty and the air agreeable, whether the numerous Lapland compositions which now make their appearance, were the production of some tender Lap, breathing out his soul in amorous sighs and passionate love-strains beyond the Polar Circle, or have owed their birth to some ingenuous wight, whose travels northward have not extended beyond his own country" (pp. 377 f.). Brooke probably did not know the history of the verses reproduced by Consett, but he may have guessed it. Liddell's Lapland women are also mentioned by Ch. Gottlob Küttner, whose *Travels Through Denmark, Sweden, [etc.] . . . in 1798-99, Translated from the German*, are published in the first volume of a *Collection of Modern and Contemporary Voyages and Travels*, London, 1805, I, 35 ff. (second numbering). Boswell alludes to Liddell (*Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill, New York, 1891, II, 193, n.).

¹ IV, 175.

² *The Scots Musical Museum*, by James Johnson, vol. IV, Edinburgh, 1792, p. 388. Burns, it will be remembered, had furnished a good deal of material for this work.

³ For October, 1800, p. 208.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, Sir,

The fragment of which ROBERT BURNS said,¹ 'DONOCHT HEAD is not mine: I would give ten pounds it were,' was written by a Mr. GEORGE PICKERING, then of Newcastle upon Tyne, and who is, I believe, though not there, yet living. The amiable, but unfortunate Mr. BEDDINGFIELD (whose poems, surreptitiously printed,² are known to few, but by those few admired) was at the time his coadjutor and friend. There are, Mr. Editor, several gentlemen, and among those a worthy baronet, whose knowledge and elegant taste might enrich your publication with authentic and interesting memoirs of PICKERING and of BEDDINGFIELD: that tribute, due to genius nearly allied to that of BURNS, cannot, alas! be paid, and must not be attempted by

ALBOIN.

The hint took effect. In the March number of the *Monthly Magazine* for 1801,³ was printed a reply to "Alboin" signed "Georgii Amicus" and dated "Newcastle, Feb. 1." The communication embodies, curiously enough, a reprint of the Lapland song so often ascribed to Ridley, together with the alleged improvement upon that rendering which had appeared, under the signature "U. V.", in the *Newcastle Courant* of October 21, 1786. Pickering and Bedingfield, declares "Georgii Amicus," "were the real authors" of these two songs, "though it is known to very few."

The writer of this [he continues] was in the particular intimacy of the former [i. e., Pickering]. To use his own words of the Laplanders, whose language, he imitated as below, 'I have joined (with him) in the song, and capered (with him) in the dance,'⁴ the night has often passed by unheeded, and the morning has been brought on with our songs—but my friend has departed, and I know not what has become of him! the witty, the worthy, but deluded Pickering, the sharer of my mirth, and the partner in my vagaries, perhaps, like his own Gaberlunzie man, now wanders through a Wreath o' Sna! I needed not the promptings of Alboin in [regard to] Donocht Head; often have I seen it in the writing of my friend; frequently have I heard it, when his voice increased its melody.

¹A foot-note refers to Currie, *loc. cit.*

²*Poems by T. B—g—d, Esq. of the Inner Temple* [London, 1800].

³Pp. 141 f.

⁴Cf. the letter of "T. S." to the *Courant* quoted above, p. 18.

Then the writer goes back to the Lapland song. He tells of Liddell's northern expedition and of the Lappish women he brought back to England.

An account of this voyage and those females [he proceeds] was given to the public by Matthew Consett, esq. in which he most mistakenly introduces the song of my lamented friend as *an original Composition of Laplandic Genius!* But why need we be astonished? the poems of Rowley have had their Chatterton, and those of Ossian, a Macpherson; need we wonder then, that a similar genius should impose upon a Consett? These Lapland females had been at a large tavern in Newcastle, and Pickering had the fortune to hear them sing. He went home, recollected the sounds of the words as well as he could, wrote the following letter to the Printer of the Newcastle Courant, introducing the accompanying *jeu d'esprit* as one of the songs he had heard; and I know also, that it was the occasion of a meeting of a good many of the orthodox priests of that town to judge of its genuineness, who decidedly pronounced in the affirmative ! !

The letter of "T. S." to the Courant, reproduced above, follows. Pickering sent a copy of this letter, we learn, to Bedingfield (or rather Bedingfeld) with the suggestion that the latter make the criticism and revision which were afterwards printed under the signature "U. V." in the *Courant*.

'Tis at the request of several gentlemen [explains "Georgii Amicus" in conclusion] acquaintances of theirs, (after I had informed them of the real authors) that I send you the above. Your inserting it in your very valuable Magazine, will oblige many of your friends here, and be paying some little tribute of respect to so much ingenuity.

There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this anonymous explanation in regard to the authorship of the Lapland song hitherto attributed to Ridley. George Pickering is not an important figure in the annals of our literature; he had clearly been pretty well forgotten by the year 1800, and had it not been for these two communications in the *Monthly Magazine* and the pious care of a member of the rather obscure literary coterie to which he belonged, he would have fallen entirely into oblivion. As it is, he is still remembered by local historians of the district about Newcastle-upon-Tyne

as the perpetrator of the Lapland hoax, and by collectors of Scottish songs as the author of one lyric that had the good fortune to be praised by Burns.

Little is known in regard to Pickering's life.¹ He was born in Simonburn, North Tyne, in January, 1758. His father was a land steward, in charge, at various times, of important estates in the vicinity. The boy received an ordinary grammar-school education, and at the age of eighteen entered the employ of Thomas Davidson and Sons, attorneys, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Here he formed an intimate acquaintance with two fellow clerks, Thomas Bedingfeld and James Ellis, and the three young men presently began to occupy themselves with certain "literary diversions" in which we are told that "while Mr. Bedingfeld played the learned philosopher, and Mr. Ellis the sentimental swain, Pickering was the jovial and convivial poet of the set, who kept them all in good humor. He had," we learn further, "a keener sense of wit than his companions, a wider range of style, and a faculty of imitation which sometimes bordered upon plagiarism."² He is said to have been frequently entertained "at good tables" and to have fallen early into intemperate habits. Not long after the perpetration of the Lapland hoax he left Newcastle and for many years "drifted aimlessly about," no one knows where. In his declining years he returned to the north of England, where he died, obscurely, at his sister's house in

¹ He has not been deemed worthy an article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, though he is mentioned in connection with Bedingfeld and Ellis, who are entered there. Ellis's *Poetry, Fugitive and Original . . .* Newcastle, 1815, contains an unsatisfactory memoir of Pickering, which seems to have furnished the basis for later biographical notices in M. A. Richardson's *The Borderer's Table Book*, Newcastle, 1846 (III, 331 f.) and in R. Welford's *Men of Mark Twixt Tyne and Tweed*, London, 1895 (III, 267 ff.). My information is derived from all three of these sources.

² Welford, III, 268.

Kibblesworth in July, 1826. In 1815 Pickering's comrade, James Ellis, edited and published at Newcastle a volume entitled *Poetry, Fugitive and Original, by the late Thomas Bedingfeld, Esq. and Mr. George Pickering. With notes and some additional pieces by a Friend.* A collection of Bedingfeld's poems had already appeared, published surreptitiously, it is said,¹ after the author's death: *Poems by T. B—g—d, Esq. of the Inner Temple* [London, 1800].

The only composition of Pickering's, apart from the Lapland song, that attracted general attention, was his *Donocht Head*—the poem Burns would have given ten pounds to have written,—a fragment of two and a half stanzas, the first of which is as follows:

Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-Head,
The snaw drives snelly through the dale,
The gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
And, shivering, tells his waefu' tale.
'Cauld is the night, oh let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa',
And dinna let his winding-sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.'

This poem was originally communicated to the *Edinburgh Herald*—we are not told the date—and accompanied by a characteristically mystifying letter:

To the Printers,

The little poem, or rather the remnant of something that must have been looked upon as valuable formerly, and which I now enclose you, lately fell into my hands, in looking through the papers of a deceased friend. If in the heterogeneous mass, that I am informed you are possessed of, in antique line, you can favour the world with the remainder of the production, it would, perhaps, add to the 'harmless stock of public pleasure.' I do not remember to have seen it either in Percy's, or any other collection of Scottish poetry. The fragment appears to be the hand-writing of a lady, and though the idiom is preserved, the orthography is certainly erroneous.

I am, your's, &c.

P. Q.²

¹ See above, p. 23.

² From *Poetry, Fugitive and Original*, p. 55.

In 1792 the poem, as we have seen, found its way into Johnson's *Museum*, and since that date it has been repeatedly reprinted. Scott knew the piece, we are told, and was able to recite it from memory.¹

¹ For a long time there was a good deal of uncertainty with regard to the author's name. Burns could not give it in 1794, neither could Currie in 1800. In October, 1800, a correspondent of the *Monthly Magazine*, ascribed the poem to George Pickering. In vol. iv, p. 186, of the folio edition of George Thomson's *A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs* [1805] the author is said to be "Mr. Pickering." In 1815 appeared Ellis's *Poetry, Fugitive and Original*, which contained a reprint of *Donocht Head* and an introductory note in which the editor explains that Walter Scott assures him "it is now attributed by the literati of Scotland to Pickering." The editor adds that "this is stated as a positive fact by a correspondent of the *Monthly Magazine*," an assertion which would seem to indicate—though it may be designedly misleading—that Ellis himself was not the author of either of the communications to the *Monthly Magazine* which we have already quoted. Ellis adds that Scott recited the piece to him from memory.

In 1838 David Laing published an annotated edition of Johnson's *Museum* which embodied a number of notes compiled by William Stenhouse before 1820. One of these notes (Laing, ed. of 1853, iv, 348) ascribes *Donocht Head* to "Thomas Pickering," and in this connection Stenhouse presents the reader with the text of "another specimen of Mr. Pickering's poetical talents, A LAPLAND SONG." Stenhouse adds that "this song [*i. e.*, the Lapland song] was arranged as a glee for three voices by Dr. Horsley." This explains the "Thomas," for on the title-page of Horsley's glee (London, 1803, see below, p. 28), the author appears as "Tho^s Pickering, Esq."

R. A. Smith printed the song in *The Scottish Minstrel*, Edinburgh, 1821-24, iii, 96, and ascribed it to "Pickering."

In *The Scottish Songs Collected and Illustrated by Robert Chambers*, Edinburgh, 1829, the author is said to be "William Pickering" (ii, 507), and is further described as "a poor North of England poet, who never wrote anything else of the least merit." Chambers ekes out Pickering's fragment with an additional stanza and a half composed by Captain Charles Gray.

In the edition of Burns's works published by Hogg and Motherwell in 1834-36 the poem is printed in connection with Burns's letter to Thomson, with the information, "It was written, we believe, by a gentleman of Newcastle named Pickering, now deceased" (ed. of 1850, iii, 172, n.). Chambers's edition of Burns, published in 1838, likewise reprints the poem

The popularity of Pickering's *Lapland* song did not cease with the explanation of its authorship made by the *Monthly Magazine* in 1801. In 1803 it was set to music a second time, in this instance by William Horsley, a celebrated composer of glees. Horsley's title-page reads: *A Lapland Song for Three Voices, the Poetry by Tho^o. Pickering, Esq., the Music Composed and inscribed to Miss Stapleton, Miss Mary, Miss Mellisina Stapleton, by W. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon.*, London [1803].¹ The words of the song were copied by William Stenhouse, apparently from Horsley's publication, and again credited to "Thomas" Pickering, in a note appended to Pickering's *Donocht Head* and printed in 1838 in David Laing's revision of Johnson's *Museum*.²

In 1810 Scott printed the *Lapland Song* in his *English Minstrelsy*,³ where the name of the author is given as

and substantially repeats Motherwell's information (see ed. of 1852, iv, 99, n.). Wallace adds nothing in his edition (1896) of Chambers.

George F. Graham printed the poem, with Captain Gray's addition, in his *Songs of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1848-49, II, 140, and assigned it to "George Pickering" on the strength of the information contained in Ellis's *P^oetry, Fugitive and Original*.

John D. Ross also includes Pickering's piece, with Captain Gray's addition, in *Celebrated Songs of Scotland*, New York, 1887, p. 120. He gives the author's name correctly and adds approximate dates of his birth and death.

There seems to be no good reason for questioning the assertion with regard to Pickering's authorship of *Donocht Head*, made by the anonymous correspondents of the *Monthly Magazine*. It may be worth noting that the letter quoted above which accompanied the poem upon its first appearance in print was signed "P. Q." and that, though the resemblance may of course be accidental, the communications sent to the Newcastle *Courant* by Pickering and Bedingfeld bore the signatures "T. S." and "U. V." respectively.

¹ The date is supplied in the British Museum Music Catalogue, where a note explains that "The words of this song have been erroneously attributed to Sir M. W. Ridley."

² See the edition of 1853, iv, 348. See also above, p. 27, n.

³ II, 100.

"Pickering." In 1815 the poem appeared in Ellis's *Poetry, Fugitive and Original*, with a lengthy explanation of the circumstances under which it was composed. Ellis's book is fortified with this interesting dedication: "To Walter Scott, Esquire, this Collection of Poetry, which in a great measure owes its existence to a wish expressed by him, is inscribed, with sentiments of high admiration, and sincere regard, by the Editor." Scott had already shown his interest in Pickering by committing *Donocht Head* to memory and by including the *Lapland Song* in his *English Minstrelsy*. Furthermore he had assured the apparently somewhat doubtful Ellis, that in the opinion of "the Edinburgh literati," *Donocht Head* was the work of Pickering.¹ No doubt the wish alluded to in the dedication was not altogether perfunctory, but partly due to a genuine desire to make Pickering better known.²

Finally, among the works of William Lisle Bowles is a poem called *The Laplander's Song*, which begins,

¹ See above, p. 27, n.

² Ellis was tolerably well acquainted with Scott. In 1850 a tract of thirty-one pages was published at Newcastle, *Letters between James Ellis, Esq. and Walter Scott, Esq.*, containing one letter from Ellis to Scott, dated 22 February, 1812, and two from Scott to Ellis, dated respectively 27 February, 1812, and 3 April, 1813, with some introductory matter and notes. The letters relate to the site of the Battle of Otterburn and other matters of local historical interest; Pickering is not mentioned. It appears from the editor's introduction (p. 10) that "Mr. Ellis practiced as an attorney for several years in Newcastle, maintaining an unblemished respectability of character, and afterwards retired to his estate of Otterburn Castle, where he cultivated his literary and antiquarian taste, and closed his honourable career on the 25th March, 1830 [æt. 67]."

In September, 1812, Scott spent a night with Ellis at Otterburne castle while on his way to Rokeby to visit J. B. S. Morritt, to whom the poem "Rokeby," upon which Scott was then engaged, was dedicated. The next morning Ellis showed Scott some objects of antiquarian interest in the neighborhood and gave him other information which Scott later incorporated into his poem.

'Tis now mid winter's reign,
O'er the unmoving main
The ice is stretch'd in dead expanse.

A note by the author reads: "I fear there is not much *nature* in this, considering the general character of the Laplanders; but I must leave it to the indulgence of the reader. He will, however, recollect the beautiful ballad so excellently translated by Conset," whereupon Pickering's *Lapland Song* is quoted entire, with the comment, "The whole song is as delicate in sentiment as it is striking in poetical beauty."¹

Between 1786 and 1838, then, Pickering's *jeu d'esprit* was printed in at least thirteen separate publications, and very likely in others. During this period its authorship was variously ascribed to Sir Matthew White Ridley, Matthew Consett, Thomas Pickering, and George Pickering, but it seems fairly certain that the poem was the work of George Pickering. "Thomas Pickering" was, of course, a mere blunder, and it is easy to see why Bowles attributed the poem to Consett, but persistent investigation has so far failed to show why its composition came to be attributed to Ridley. The Sir Matthew White Ridley in question was the second baronet of the name. He was born in 1746 and succeeded to his uncle's title in 1763. At the time when the Lapland hoax was perpetrated he was forty years of age, governor of the Merchants' Company of Newcastle—an office which he held for thirty-five years—and member of Parliament, where he represented Newcastle from 1774 to 1812. He was three times mayor of the city, for fifteen years colonel of the Newcastle Associated Volunteer Infantry, and seems to have been a serious minded and altogether model citizen.²

¹ See the *Poetical Works of Milman, Bowles, Wilson and Cornwall*, Paris, 1829, p. 148.

² See the obituary notices in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1813, vol. 83,

So far as I can discover, his name is nowhere mentioned in connection with Pickering or his circle, nor is there anything to indicate that he was particularly interested in literature or that he would have found Pickering a congenial companion. Pickering's friends are all reticent in regard to this matter. The correspondent of the *Monthly Magazine* who signed himself "Georgii Amicus" was "in the particular intimacy" of Pickering, and recalled the fact that Consett was taken in by the hoax; Pickering's secret was known, he says, "to very few," but he does not hint that the poem was ever ascribed to another hand. Ellis, who must have known the history of the poem as well as anybody, notes¹ that the song was "set to music, and published as having been sung by the female Laplanders at Ravensworth Castle, the seat of Sir Henry George Liddell;" he mentions its publication in Consett's volume, and observes that it was "copied from thence into several of the London magazines"; but he does not allude to the fact that the London magazines and the musical composer (assuming that he means Relfe) ascribed the song to Ridley.

"Alboin," the author of the communication to the *Monthly Magazine* which was the direct occasion of the article by "Georgii Amicus," mentions, it will be recalled, "a worthy baronet" who is one of "several gentlemen whose knowledge and elegant taste might enrich" the magazine "with authentic and interesting memoirs of Pickering." This at once suggests Ridley; but Ellis, writing in 1815, quotes the above passage and adds, "The present editor sincerely regrets that the imperfect sketch, now offered, has not been anticipated by the authentic and interesting memoirs

pp. 397, 671, and the *Monthly Magazine*, vol. 35, p. 459; Richardson's *Borderer's Table Book*, vol. III, *passim*; Welford's *Men of Mark Twixt Tyne and Tweed*, III, 322 f.

¹ *Poetry, Fugitive and Original*, p. 128.

thus suggested; and he peculiarly laments that the suggestion failed of its effect on the highly-respected Baronet alluded to, whose acknowledged taste and abilities would have rendered a publication, like this, more interesting and more complete. He begs leave, however, to offer that gentleman his grateful acknowledgements, for the trouble he politely took to examine his papers, in the hope of finding more of Mr. Bedingfeld's poems, and for information respecting him of which the editor has availed himself in this memoir.”¹ Ridley had been dead two years when Ellis's book was published; Ellis, therefore, evidently alludes to someone else. Scott, the only other baronet² mentioned in connection with Pickering, was not gazetted, of course, until 1820. For the present, Ellis's baronet must remain unidentified; but whoever he may have been, it is probably safe to assume that he was responsible for one of those numerous “good tables” which proved to be poor Pickering's undoing.

The popularity of Pickering's Lapland song, as well as of the songs transcribed by Scheffer, was due, as I have already suggested, to something more than merely the sentiment which they conveyed—the “amorous sighs and passionate love-strains” at which Brooke caviled—however acceptable those strains may have been to eighteenth-century ears. In view of the “runic” and “Ossianic” vagaries of the half century following 1760, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that the pleasure which the “numerous Lapland compositions”³ gave, arose largely from the romantic suggestiveness of the background. Lapland was thought of merely

¹ *Poetry, Fugitive and Original*, p. xvi.

² Except Sir Henry George Liddell who, obviously, need not be considered.

³ Brooke's phrase in 1826. See above, p. 22, n.

as an extension of Odin's domain, a gruesome, remote, ice-bound region where the Scandinavian gods had been worshiped¹ and magic had been practiced for centuries, and in some literary circles allusions to the barbarous North, to Odin, Thor, and the cauldron of the Lapland witches, excited a peculiar kind of thrill which the effete "machinery" of the Homeric age had long since ceased to arouse. Into the love-songs under discussion neither the heathen gods nor the cauldron are obtruded, to be sure; but the ice, the reindeer, and the bleak moors are there, and *Orra, Lulhea, Torne, Enna, Odon*, and *Lhea* doubtless had an enticingly romantic sound. Above all, the name Lapland itself made a peculiar and generally-recognized appeal to the imagination which bears out my contention. As an illustration of the nature of this appeal I append, in conclusion, a list of scattered allusions to Lapland which I have happened upon in the course of my reading and which, I need not add, makes no pretension to anything like completeness. It will be observed that several of these allusions may be traced directly to Scheffer.

1695.

In his *Prince Arthur, An Heroick Poem in Ten Books*, London, 1695, Sir Richard Blackmore makes Lucifer

On *Fiael* Light,
Of *Lapland Alpes*, chief for amazing Height;
Where *Thor* resides, who heretofore by *Lot*,
The Sovereign Rule o'er Winds and Tempests got.²

1726.

Not such the sons of *Lapland*: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war.

¹ Scheffer's *Lapponia* (p. 105, Latin ed.) contains a picture of the idol Thor, as it was worshiped by the Laplanders, which was copied in various English books.

² 3d ed., 1696, p. 6.

Thomson's *Winter*. See his *Works*, London, 1788, I, 168. Thomson also alludes (p. 170) to "Tornéa's lake." This lake is the source of the river Torneå, which flows into the Gulf of Bothnia at the extreme northern end. Compare the first line of Pickering's *Lapland Song*.

1733.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1733, appeared (p. 206) a poem with the title, *A Gentleman in Lapland to his Mistress in England*. It contains an imaginary description of Lapland scenery.

1745.

What though beneath thy gloom the sorceress-train,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland-moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless.

Thomas Warton's *Pleasures of Melancholy*. In Dodsley's Collection, IV, 228.

1746.

As, where, in Lapland, Night collects her reign,
Oppressive, over half the rounded year
Uninterrupted with one struggling beam ;
Young Orra-Moor, in fury spoils enroll'd,
Shagged and warm, first spies th' imperfect blush
Of op'ning light, exulting.

William Thompson's *Sickness*, Bk. iv. See Chalmers, xv, 51.

1765.

In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat, that in the shape of woman stood ;
But more deform'd than dreams can represent
The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.

Thomas Lisle, *The History of Porsenna, King of Russia*, Bk. i. See Dodsley's Collection, vi, 199.

1773.

Ere from *Norwegia's* desolated shores,
 The *Danish* navy wafted o'er the main
 This storm of arms, from *Lapland's* frozen climes
 I summon'd ev'ry hell-devoted mage,
 Whose incantations bound th' imprisoned winds.

G. E. Howard, *The Siege of Tamor*, Act II, sc. iii. Dublin, 1773, p. 25. In Act I, sc. iii of this play, one of the characters invokes

Eternal Woden ! mighty God of battles !
 Whom on the cloudy top of *Torneo's* hill
 In thunder oft we've heard.

1789.

A part of the action of Richard Hole's *Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment, A Poetical Romance in Seven Books*, London, 1789, takes place in Lapland.

1798.

Mid Lapland's woods, and noisome wastes forlorn,
 Where lurid hags the moon's pale orbit hail :
 There, in some vast, some wild and cavern'd cell,
 Where flits the dim blue flame,
 They drink warm blood, and act the deed of hell.

Dr. Nathan Drake, *Ode to Superstition*. See Drake's *Literary Hours*, London, 1804, I, 150.

1799.

Thomas Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* has a line (*Poetical Works*, Boston, 1854, p. 29),

Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow,

which moved Bayard Taylor to observe (*Northern Travel*, New York, 1872, p. 77) that Campbell here shows "the same disregard for geography which makes him grow palm trees along the Susquehanna River."

Campbell also alludes in his *Ode to Winter* (*Works* as above, p. 189) to the "Lapland drum" used in incantations.

1804.

Uprose the fiend of Gaul with speed
 And seized his fiery footed steed.
 And over sea and land he flew,
 Till near the witches' den he drew.
 The lofty rock, the gloomy cave,
 Echoed to Finland's roaring wave ;
 And far within the fiend's abode
 That rules the blasts and vex¹ the flood,
 'Give me a wind, the demon cry'd,
 To sweep the broad Atlantic side,
 And drive away the British train,
 That block our ports and guard the Main.'

These are the opening lines of *The Witch of Lapland*, *Written before a late Storm. Partly an Imitation of Gray's 'Descent of Odin.'* By Henry Boyd. The poem is dated Rathfryland, Jan., 1804, and was printed the same year in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April (p. 352), the *European Magazine* for March (p. 223), the *Poetical Register* (p. 246), and the *Annual Register* (p. 905).

Before 1807.

Among the *Poems by Anne Bannerman, A New Edition*, Edinburgh, 1807, is one called *The Fisherman of Lapland* (pp. 166 ff.).

¹ *Sic.*

1813.

And quhan we cam to the Lapland lone
 The fairies war all in array ;
 For all the genii of the north
 War keipyng their holeday.

The warlock men and the weird wemyng,
 And the fays of the wood and the steip
 And the phantom hunteris all war there,
 And the mermaidis of the deip.

And they washit us all with the witch-water,
 Distillit fra the muirland dew,
 Quhill our beauty blunit like the Lapland rose
 That wylde in the foreste grew.

James Hogg, *The Queen's Wake; Night the First; The Witch of Fife*. See Hogg's *Poetical Works*, 5 vols., Edinburgh [? 1838], I, 47 f.

1818.

Then there's a little wing, far from the Sun,
 Built by a Lapland Witch turn'd maudlin Nun.

Keats to Reynolds, March 25, 1818. See *Letters of John Keats*, ed. Colvin, London, 1891, p. 92.

?

No more, as horror stirs the trees,
 The path-belated peasant sees
 Witches adown the sleety breeze,
 To Lapland flats careering.

David Macbeth Moir's *Disenchantment*. See his *Poetical Works*, Edinburgh and London, 1852, II, 285. A note reads, "For some reason, not sufficiently explained, Lapland was set down as a favourite seat of the orgies of the 'Midnight Hags.'" The note also quotes the passage from Hogg given above.

1823.

A London periodical called *The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction* printed early in 1823 a series of articles on Lapland which were inspired by the exhibition of a family of Laplanders in Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The article in the number for January 4 ends as follows :

We cannot perhaps better close this account of a singular and interesting people than by giving a literary curiosity—a Lapland Ode.

What mean these tedious forms and ways,
That still, by fresh and fresh delays,
Protract a lover's pain?
Five years I've woo'd my Orra fair,
Five years my sighs have filled the air,
But woo'd and sigh'd in vain.

Of brandy-kegs almost a score,
Of beavers' tongues a hundred more,
I've giv'n her kin by turns ;
But neither kegs their hearts can warm,
Nor tongues prevail, to sooth the charm
With which my bosom burns.

There are four more stanzas. The “ode” is based on information originally given by Scheffer, but incorporated into various later accounts of Lapland. I quote two passages from the chapter “Of their Contracts and Marriages” in the English version of 1674—the second of which is surely quaint enough to justify its reproduction at some length. Scheffer is writing of the Lapland lover: “Next he makes her a present of the rarest delicacies that *Lapland* affords, the *Rain-deers* tongue, the Beavers flesh, and other dainties” (p. 111).—“As they come to visit their Mistresses, they are necessitated to bring along with them some spirit of Wine, as a singular and most acceptable present, and Tobacco too. But if in the mean while, as it often falls out, the father intends not to bestow his daughter upon the man that hath

made pretensions to her, he seldom refuses them [*sic*], but defers the positive answer till the year following, that he may the oftener entertain himself with the spirit of Wine the Suiter brings along with him. And thus he delays his answer from one year to the other, till the Suiter perceive himself cheated, and be constrained to require at his hands his charges made to no purpose. There is then no other remedy to be taken, then bringing the business before the Judg, where the Maids Father is sentenced to refund either the entire sum, or half of it, as the case stands. Wherewithal we must observe this, that the expences made by the Suiter on the Spirit of Wine, at his first arrival, do not fall under this compensation, but he alone stands to the loss of that. But if after the downright refusal of the Maid, he of his own accord will show his liberality, he may try what luck he will have at his own peril" (p. 116).

FRANK EDGAR FARLEY.